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Emanuel Carnevali

Then it's wrong, very wrong,
To puff my dream in the radiant face of Truth?
Is it blasphemous, cowardly?
Is it to insult the Sun?

WHEN IT HAS PASSED

Love—I thought it was a long ride in a boat
Over a quiet lake: around
The weeping willows let fall their hair
Into the water;
And amid those hairs, the rays
Which the sun had forgotten to take with him going away
Were of indigo-rose-purple-blue.

But now that it has passed I know it was a stream
That swept by roaring, destroying all, all.
In my soul, all that is left is a shrub
That sways and waves at the wind like the hair of a witch,
That whistles and curses the wind like the ghastly arm of a
 witch:
The remembrance.

TO THE POETS

Essences of the peoples' beautiful selves,
Violins whose strings quiver
With long, soft, delicate harmonies—
Even when touched by the world's rough fingers,
Even when touched by Grief's cold fingers—